NOTES FROM LONDON.

POLITICAL, PERSONAL, DRAMATIC. OM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

LONDON, June 23.

The Deceased Wife's Sister bill passed successfully on Tuesday the ordeal which its enomies were said to be preparing for it. First they threatened divide again on the general principle of the bill, using, as the more violent declared, to allow a ajority of seven to overturn the social system of agland. But these zealots were put to silence by oir leaders, who were well aware that it would eless to try to induce the House of Lords to reverse a settled principle of legislation. Then ne the question whether the bill should be allowed to be retrospective. Its opponents declared themselves perfectly confident of striking out the se which recognizes marriages already made, nd legitimizes the offspring of such unions. But te again sober heads took other views. Lord borne and the Archbishop of Canterbury united in assuring the minority, to which they themselves belonged, that the principle of retrospection was in-volved in the decision already taken and could not be reversed. Questions of detail were open; the main question was not. Finally came Lord Dal-housie's new proposal for the solemnizing of mar-riage with a deceased wife's sister in church, and to his proposal, because it was new and for other reacent to the clerical mind, stout opposition red. In the end, it was postponed. What te fate will be on the third reading I shall not atnpt to predict.

amentations over the measure continue. Last shops for not making a better stand against it. To the herror of the lay mind, the bishops were told that they were believed to have forborne speaking in order to please the Prince of Wales, who wanted to go to dinner. If this sort of thing can be by the mcuthplece of the Church over which ps rule, what may not the unregenerate be permitted to utter? As even bishops are human, they have remonstrated; they and their friends. The Bishop of Winchester repels the charge, though not in very direct terms. He declares the division was taken early because they hoped to get more votes, and so on; and in his turn rebukes The Guardian for joining in the cry Episcopes ad lones, whenever anything goes urong with the Church. The Guardian sticks to its colors, and in the most unworldly spirit teaches the bishops that their duty was not to think of votes, but to rise one after the other (the whole twenty-two of them, I se), and make their protest against a measure which they, in common with the great majority of their clergy, hold to be one which Parliament is morally incompetent to pass. Had they done this, they would have ceased, we are assured, to be merely Peers of Parliament, and would have been hailed as the real representatives of the Church.
As for the Prince of Wales and his dinner, they became insignificant in presence of this controversy, in which, I need not say, I have not the least intention of taking part, but on which I gaze as a sympathetic spectator with the keenest interest.

It may be too much to hope that the anti-vaccina tion people will accept the verdict of the House of Commons, but it is tolerably certain that the country regards it as a quietus upon that particular form of agitation. Smallpox had an excellent champion in Mr. Peter Taylor, one of the most sincere and (on this subject) least wise of the extreme Radicals; able, enthusiastic, and just as regardless of himself as of his neighbors. He is a man to om the House listens—partly because he does not sek it to listen very often ; 'purtly because he really worth listening to. He is of the true type of stle; of a zeal that can resist the fear of ridicule and the intellectual acceptance of proved facts. On the facts there is really no case against vaccination. By what process Mr. Taylor convinced him-self that there is must be left for him to explain. By what process he shuts his mind to such proof of the utility of vaccination as is supplied by the speeches of Sir Lyon Playfair and Sir Charles Dilke is a greater mystery still. Dr. Playfair conceded that vaccination is in some rare cases (about 4 out of 17,000,000) mischievous. He none he less demonstrated that the benefit it has conferred on the community is immense. Both speeches were admirable as statements of the sci-ntific and administrative side of the controversy, if controversy it can be called. A single sentence may be quoted from Sir L. Playfair: "The returns showed that while the rate of mortality from smallpox was 3.000 per million in the last century, the voluntary vaccination in force during the first forty years of this century reduced it to 600; the State-alded vaccination which followed brought it down and the single motion of the arms is gone through, the motions being by command. Afterward comes a movit is only 156." Hardly less striking is Sir Charles Dilke's remark to the effect that 960 men out of 1,000 are now, it is computed, vaccinated, and that out of the forty unvaccinated nearly as many die as out of the 960 vaccinated, in some cases

These two speeches. I hear, had the very unusual effect of actually influencing votes. Mr. Taylor, at any rate, was able to carry into the anti-vaccination section of the sectio men like Mr. Arthur Arnold, Sir Wilfred Lawcon, Mr. Joseph Cowen, Mr. Jacob Bright, to whom must be added Mr. Labouchere, whose delight in making part of any minority on any subject what-

The death of Bishop Colenso is discussed for the most part in that tone of respectful and regretful admiration which is the due of a man whose great admiration which is the due of a man whose great solities have been devoted to the service of others. He has been well described as a Bishop with a passion for justice; and when one gets a Bishop of that kind, too much honor cannot be done him. But I suppose it would be too much to expect that the man who wrote the "Pentateuch" should ever be man who wrote the "Pentateuch" should ever be forgiven by Biblical bigots; by which phrase I mean to designate the dwindling minority of Churchmen ill cling to that superstitious faith in the verbal inspiration and historical accuracy of the Bible now abandoned by the immense majority of

intelligent Christians.

Dr. Colenso certainly has not been forgiven. One
High Church writer recommences the old attacks in
the old style. No man of delicate honor, says this
moralist, could have held the office of Bishop of the rch of England one day after writing the too garded as a joke "the curious spectacle of a Bishop who looked on the Bible as predestined to afford a collection of problems and riders for exercise in colemnos arithmetic." In the Zulu controversy iscopal residence " has been a manufactory of newa." He has been a thorn in the side of duct all but treasonable-and so on. This is the language held by a man who pre-tends to superior righteonsness respecting another who, by the consent of all who did not hate him, was surity, high-mindedness, disinterestedness it-self. It will do him no harm. Colonso's name will be long and honorably remembered here, and the feineation he is likely to receive from the native races whom he befriended in South Africa will be better deserved than most of the posthumous apotheness conferred by more civilized authorities.

An American was discussing the other day with well-known Liberal number of Parliament that I suppose Lord Derby would call the bernal Irish question.

Said the Englishman to the American: "You are an Irish question of your own,—at any rate, we have a vast number of Irish in America with them you have to deal."

"Ten" anawayed the American

"Tes," answered the American, "but our difficulties are even greater than yours, for the Irishmen
who emigrate to the United States leave most of
Useir good qualities behind them."

"Where?" cried the Englishman.
But to this curt conundrum my American friend
spears to have had no answer ready.

es at the Galety Theatre to see the ays have been, I hear, by no means large the last two weeks. The Gymnase company

Dupuis. Mme. Pasca's name has never been a very Sorge Panine" of M. Georges Ohnet, or "Un Roman Parisien" of M. Octave Feuillet, suit the English taste. It is no longer the fashion to be seen at the French Plays merely because they are French, any more than it is the fashion to have a box at the Italian Opera. People go to see Judic in Niniche, and to hear Patti in whatever she chooses to sing, but if you wish to be sure of seeing a "smart" house at either the Galety or Covent Garden, you must find out beforehand what the play, or actress, or opera, or singer, 1s to be; or, perchance, whether the Prince and Princess of Wales are to be present. The permanent list of names on the boxes of Mr. Gye's establishment is very unlike indeed what it was five years ago. The boxes are rented, or many of them are, but they are rented for the most part to people who go be-cause they really care for music, or who have not found out that society no longer gives itself a rendezvous at the opera.

Society, moreover, has enough on its hands with-out either French plays or opera. The season is not thought a gay one, but with six parties a night it is possible for the most volatile butterfly to occupy its valuable time between dinner and bed time; supposing dinner parties to break up at half past 10 or 11, and bed time to arrive at any hour of next morning on which you may chauce to fix. It was on Thursday that I saw in some paper a com-plaint of the thin houses at the Gaiety the night before. Well, on Wednesday evening Lady Salis bury had an assembly in Arlington-st., and Mrs. Childers received her triends at the same hour in Piccadilly. Lady Rosebery was at home to two hundred people in Lansdowne House, and Mrs. Cyril Flower gave a party in Surrey House, which the irresistible strains of the Hungarian Band presently turned into a dance. Lady Herschel's drawing-rooms were open at the same time, and I am not sure that I complete the catalogue of the evening's occupations with Lady Goldsmid's ball. Possibly no one person was present at all these entertainments, but not a few went to three out of the six, having dined out beforehand. I don't know that the theatres in general suffer from this competition. Their audiences are not drawn exclusively or mainly from the world which fills great houses at midnight or is dancing at 4 o'clock in the morning. The average play-goer belongs to the middle class which Mr. Chamberlain once described as finding its enjoyment by the fireside; meaning, perhaps, the Birmingham fireside.

The latest operatic novelty is, naturally, not a novelty but a reproduction at the Avenue Theatre of Offenbach's "Barbe Blene," with Miss Florence St. John in the rôle created by Mile. Schneider at the Varietés in Paris. This work never ranked among the most brilliant of its composer, nor did Schneider care much about the part of Boulotte, which I remember seeing her play at a time when her personal attractions and her voice had gone to keep each other company elsewhere. The performance at the Avenue is not above medloc-rity, Miss St. John's Boulotte excepted. Schneider played the part in the only style Paris would then have tolerated, accentuating the indeticacies, and suggestions of something more than indelicacy, with which it abounded. Miss St. John, with an equally sureiknowledge of her London public, turns the rose queen into a romp with no particular harm in her. It is not in any case a character which shows to the most advantage the most artistic side of Miss St. John's talent, but is given with that buoyant spirit and dramstic effect in which she is never deficient. The music is sung as no other actress devoting herself to this class of opera can now sing it on the English stage.

HOW SWIMMING IS TAUGHT.

A TRIBUNE reporter happening to enter yesterday a well-known swimming school, in East Forty-fifth-st., between Fifth and Madison aves., found adozen boys and young men enjoying their hour in swimming, diving, jumping, playing "tag," ducking one another, and making the water fly generally. In reply to the queries suggested by the scene, Henry Gebhard, the manager, said: "No, there is no other swimming-school that I know of in the city. This was established in 1868. I have another school at Narragansett Bay, open from the middle of July to the middle of September. The season here is from April till October, the water being heated at 78° to 80° and the building being heated according to the weather outside. There are four assistants over-looking the swimming, two men and two women. The latter have charge of the room and instruction during the hours for women and girls; they were trained in my system and have been with me five years now. What is the system briefly? Well, the motion of swimining is first practised in a private room. Then the pupil is made able supporting apparatus and the double motion of arms and legs. Next a life-preserver is thrown around the body and the pupil is encouraged to move about alone. Then we use what is called the 'free-line'-a line fastened to a belt about the swimmer's body so as to nold up the pupil and yet give perfect liberty of motion. Finally, the pupil is left entirely free, the instruction throughout having been individual and not in class.

"How soon can one learn to swim I That depends on how soon the feeling of timidity is lost. I nave known persons for whom four or five lessons were enough, but usually ten or twelve lessons are necessary. Hence, our first-course ticket is good for a dozen lessons, another dozen being devoted to ornamental swimming."

"Do many children and ladies make use of the

"This last spring," replied the manager, "we had about twenty five children, boys and girls, between the ages of four and tee, and all learned to swim. Of the ladies, we have had this spring between fifty and sixty, single and married. The ages ran between fifteen and forty, though the average age was from twenty to twenty-five. Yes, there are cases of ladies above forty twenty-five. Yes, there are cases of ladies above forty years coming here. Last year we had five or six between forty and sixty years old; this year there are three. A lady sixty-five years of age, even, learned to swim in fitneen lessons. The ladies learn more quickly and are more graceful swimmers than the men. Many of them will in three strokes cross the long side of the tank, which is 34x54 feet. Their costume covers the body, the best material being English cambrie; flaunel is too heavy. The water is the Croton and is steadily running in and out. The tank emptice itself once a day. The depth varies from 2 feet to 7½ feet. Pupis at first remain in the water fifteen or twenty minutes, and then thirty minutes and more, though no one is allowed to stay longer than an hour. The best time for swimming is of course before breakfast or before dinner or before retiring at night."

CRICKET IN AMERICA.

THE REASONS WHY IT IS LESS POPULAR THAN BASEBALL.

The surest index to the character of a people is said to be in their national sports, and certainly the divergence between English and American tastes is well illustrated in the difference between their games and amusements. It is true that the sports of the two coun-tries still show a strong family likeness. Their common origin is written in soundhand all over them; but though they speak, as it were, the same language, yet their pirase and idioms and intonations are different. On the race-course, in rowing, in billiard-rooms, at the eardthe race-course, in rowing, in billiard-rooms, at the card-table, and indeed through the whole range of diversions the same general tastes and traits are shown, but differ-ing in every case in their methods and expression. And nowhere is this unlikeness of particulars in the midst of a general likeness more plainly visible than on the cricket field.

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The genius of cricket and baseball were planted side by side on the carly English village-green, and cuttings from either growth were brought over by the first colonists, but the development of each under the respective climates of America and England has been widely diverse. Easeball has remained in England a puny shrub, barely kept alive by children and yokel, and the iuxuriant and manly growth to which it has attained in this country is there unknown; but its twin sister cricket has overrun the whole country, struck root into the hearts of all classes, been allotted large landed estates in every part of the island, in the centre of the metropolis, and the wildest parts of most rural England alike, and claims every summer more than half the attention of a large portion of the community. But in America it remains stanted and neglected, maintaining a foothold only in the larger cities, and telling in its dwarf proportions of a sad lack of the popular care necessary to make it expand into its full growth. It is true that to-day it shows promise of a healthjer vigor than it has ever yet attained. In the late war it was violently rooted out of the land, so that not a leaf or twig of it was to be found from one end of the United States to the other, but on being replanted it took firmer hold and has thriven fairly well.

But the cricket of America is not the cricket of England, and there is small prospect of its ever rivalling

baseball in popular favor. Cricket is resentially a game that demands an immense amount of time and practice; it will not be put off with odds and ends of leisure or picked up in a season or two. The very ground on which it has to be played takes years in the making and before a man can be a cricketer the boy must be brought up on a cricket ground. For this reason America has not yet had the time to produce a strong crop of native cricketers, while the fact that a match may take days in the playing does not enlist the busy American public in its

favor.

Before such holidays as the English Canterbury and Cheltenham weeks could be held in the United States, or before an American "Lords" or "Oval" could monopolize the attention which those grounds secure in London it would be necessary not only that cricket should make immersa advances on this side of the water, but that the immense advances on this side of the water, but that the American character should undergo no slight revolution. It is not by accident that baseball has the first place in It is not by accident that baseball has the first place in general esteem; for its quicker action and more continued excitement make it in sympathy with the American nature and much more attractive to the outside public than the slow and (to the general public) unintelligible niceties of ericket. Nor can the two hold a divided sovereignty and reign side by side, for they are mutually exclusive. Cricket leaves no time for practicing baseball, while the style of batting in the latter is contrary to all the traditions of the older game and must almost invariably beget in the batsman habits of play utterly vicious and demoralizing from a cricketer's point of view. And the small assistance which baseball does at and to cricket in giving a stimulus to the art of fielding would only go a small way toward counterbalancing this. So long as Englishmen come to live in America and so long as there are young men with blenty of leisure and a disposition to sport and good-fellowship, cricket will doubtless maintain its footing here and even go on gaining a larger following year by year. But it is most improbable that it will ever succeed either in seriously shaking the hold which baseball has upon the affections of the people, or in attaining the same perfection in America as it now boasts on on the oth er side of the Atlantic.

BALDNESS IN NEW-YORK.

ITS CAUSE AND ITS CONCEALMENT.

"Are there many bald people in New-York ?" "A great many more than is dreamed of," said die rig-maker, with a significant smile. "Many toupees are worn. These are made to cover a bald spot on the top of the head, and the work may be so cleverly ex ecuted that a man may wear a toupee without his friends being aware of it. Very frequently wigs that cover the entire head are worn, and a man may be admired for his fine head of hair, unless he has the misfortune to have

fine head of hair, unless he has the misfortune to have
it blown off at some unlucky moment,"

"Does wearing a Fig tend to remove what natural hair
there is left on the head?"

"it does not, although this is popularly supposed to
be the case."

"Are there many bald-headed women!"

"A few women are bald, but only in the proportion of
one to fifty, compared with the men."

"What produces baldness in women!"

"They invariably become bald on the crown of the
head. It is produced by putting up their hair too tightly and bringing too great tension on the roots. Sough
women, whose hair has become thin through sickness of
from any cause, have their hair shaved and wear wigs
while it is growing out. Women frequently wear fromtpieces, not because of any defect in their own hair, but
for the sake of convenience. Their own hair is straight
and rebellious, and has to be curied and pasted to make
it comform to the fashion of the day! even then, it is apit
to uncurl. They may put on a wis, however, which is
crimped, banged and combed properly, and it can be
complacently relied on to keep in proper form."

"What produces baldness!"

"It is a disease. A hat worn habitually will cause the

crimped, banged and combed properly, and it can be complacently relied on to keep in proper form."

"What produces baldness."

"It is a disease. A hat worn habitually will cause the hair to fail out, and severe brain work and late hours also produce this result. Hair-dyes of all kinds are very injurious to the scalp and destroy the hair. There are no dyes used which do not contain nitrate of sliver or sugar of lead. The basis of all hair restoratives is sugar of lead, combined with lake suphuly. They not only injure the hair, but affect the nervous system, and are hable to produce paralysis of the auditory nerves, it is said that they sometimes even produce disease of the brain."

"Is the fashion of bleaching the hair indulged in much now by women i"

"The fashion has changed. Those who were fooliah enough to bleach their hair years ago are compelled to keep hip the process in order to avoid presenting a ridioulous appearance."

"Can they recover the natural color of their hair i"

"They can by making a sacrifice. One way of accomplishing this is to allow the hair to grow out and be of a natural color at the roots while it is yellow at the ends. This method is not popular, for few women have courage enough to be grotesque. Another me hod is to have the heat the set shaved, and to wear a wig while the hair is growing out. This also is a trying ordeal. Most o those uniortunate creatures accept their fate and keep up their yellow hair by dipping it as it grows out."

"What makes the hair come out!"

"The appearance of the hair is an indication of health just as the barometer indicates the weather. If a man turns night-into day and disregards well-defined laws in other ways, his hair will usually show it."

"Is much false hair used in dressing the back part of the head."

"Just now very little, as the fashion is to wear the upy little knglish topknet, as the Fashion is to wear the

"Is much false hair used in dressing the back part of the head?"

"Just now very little, as the fashion is to wear the ugly little English topknot, as the French call it; that is, a la Langtry. A handsome woman can wear anything, but it must be admitted that this little knot is very trying to a woman who has no claim to comelaces."

"Are not cosmetics used in making complexions injurious to the skin!"

"Most of the imported cosmetics are very injurious, because they all have lead for a basis. Lead, you know, produces one of the worst forms of poisoning."

"Are there many women who understand how to paint!"

"As in everything else, superiority is in the minority. Making a complexion is like painting a picture. It is a work of art and requires a close study of nature. If a woman wishes to have a face that looks natural, she must not underpaint or overpaint, but be true to life."

THE SUMMER BOTEL.

From The Boston Transcript. You are the landlord of the Big View Hotel ?"

"You are the landlord of the Big View Hotel?"
I have that houer.
"And is your hotel well situated?"
Delightfully; its surroundings are unsurpassed.
They comprise the rugged mountain, the smiling valley, the cool, sequestered forest, the daisy-dimpled field, broad glassy lake, gently flowing river and babbling brook.

"And the views?"

"And the views?"

Exquisite. From the broad veranda can be seen the giant hills of New Hampshire, the Catskills, the Appalachian range, the far-famed Rockies and the Mexican Cordilleras, while the horizon is marked with the outlines of Hecla. Vesuvius and sacred Fusiyama; the Adirondacks are spread before the delighted beholder, the Hudson, the Mississippi and the Yangtse Kiang are like silver bamos on the landscape, and the Falls of Niagara, with their ceaseless roor, can be easily described by the unaided vision.

"And the facilities for hasting bething the seen the second control of t

roar, can be easily descried by the unaided vision.

"And the facilities I"

The facilities for boating, bathing, fishing and shooting are unsurpassed. Noble lakes surround the house on three sides, and the fourth is white with the creamy surf of the broad Atlantic, which dashes upon the hard, clean, sandy beach beneath your very feet. The lake and ocean has each its noble fleet of white-winged cruisers, not to speak of rowboats of every name and variety. The waters are swarming with the finny tribe, eager for the fisherman's hook, and trout, pickerel, salmon, hornpouts, bass, eathish, sharks, whales and minnows are the abundant reward for the angler's pleasant toil. Then the water is always just right for bathing, and its temperature warranted to suit all who cleave its life-giving waves. Upon every tree the sportsman sees birds of divers plumage awaiting the pon of his rifle. In short, it is the sportsman's paradase. sportsman's paradise.

"And the table ?"

"And the table?"
The tables are furnished with all the delicacies that the market affords. Vegetables fresh from their cars and milk direct from the city are served daily, and the steak is rendered tender and pliant to the tired jaw of the denizen of the city by an athlete hired for this express purpose at an enormalishment. mous expense. .
"Is the house guarded against accidents in case of

Admirably.
"And the ventilation?"

"And the venture of the profession of the walks, the profession of the walks, the walks are inexhaustible, both in their diversity and their charming picture-queness. Beauty is upon every side; nowhere has nature been so lavish of her multiform charms.

"Well, then, I think I won't go. II fear I should be setting too much for my money. If you know of a

"Well, then, I think I won't go, I fear I should be getting toe much for my money. If you know of a hotel where there is nothing particular to be seen, where there are no facilities for boating, bathing, shing and hunting, where no attention is given to ventilation, where there are no precautions against fire and where the fare consists of corned pork, cabbage, cream tartar biscuits and very weak tea, I should be happy to be informed of its whereabouts. I will go there at once and stay all summer. I long for something to break the monotony of former years."

THE FIRST RESTAURANT.

THE FIRST RESTAURANT.

From The St. James's Gazette.

The Journal des Debats contains an interesting note upon the origin of the word "restaurant." In 1765 a cook named Boulanger, who kept a snop at the corner of the Rue des Poulies and the Rue Bailleul, in Paris, hung out a large white flag bearing the inscription—imitated of course from the passage in the New Tostament—"Venite ad me, omnes qui stomache isboratis, et ego restaurabe von." Beneath these words was a list of his prices; and as the good man did not look for outrageous profits, his dining-room was quickly invaued by all the young bloods of the capital, and every one began to ask his neighbor, "Have you been to Boulanger's!" The favorite dish at the new bouse was nothing more appetizing than sheep's trotters; but so excellently was this humble fare cooked that large quantities of it were sent out daily to all the great mansions in the neighborhood.

The restaurant was much reserted to by the courtiers of the day; and even the celebrated gourmet Moneriff, the Academician, went there regularly. Being reader to the Queen, he at last sounded the praise of sheep's trotters to the ears of royalty; and Boulanger, who had by this time accumulated a fortune, was ordered to aupply the table of Louis XV. Thenesferward the restaurant became one of the peculiar features of Parisian life;

and within the next few years Véry opened that far-famed establishment which, after having been the resort of paint-Just and Marat, was removed in 1808 from the Alice des Orangers to its present

A GIRUS LONG RIDE.

A GIRUS LONG RIDE.

From The Cheyenne Leador.

"Helio! how far is it to the next town?"
These words greeted the ears of Mr. W. W. Davis and tamily as they sat at supper yesterday evening at their residence. Sixteeath and O'Neil sta.

Mr. Davis looked out of the open door of his dining-room upon Sixteeath and O'Neil sta.

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Mr. Davis looked out of the open door of his dining-room upon Sixteeath as some mare, with a yearling colt at her side, was standing by the sidewalk. Upon the mare's back sat a young woman sideways on a man's saddle. She had on a broadhrimmed man's hat, a close-fitting blue and white calico dress, rough laced shoes, and on one foot was a man's stirrup. A yellow rubber coat was tied up behind the saddle. The young woman was sunburnt and travel-stained, but sat erect, and looked as if she were table to take care of herself.

Mr. Davis walked to the door.

"What town do you want?" he said.

"The next town, whatever it is."

"Well, there's a station on the Union Pacific some miles on, but you're not looking for it, I suppose. Where are you travelling to?"

"To California."

"Yes, alone, and camping out. Where can I find good grass?"

Mr. and Mrs. Davis, like good, hospitable people, invited the young lady to dismount and pattake of some supper. She washed her hands and face, sat down to the table, and talked about the trip she was making.

"My home is at Kingston, Green Lake County,

invited the young lady to dismount and partake of some supper. She washed her hands and face, sat down to the table, and talked about the trip she was making.

"My home is at Kingston, Green Lake County, Wisconsin," she said, 'where I live with my father. I once spent some time visiting in Southern Callfornia, but it was some years ago. I have for several years thought of starting in the spring and making the journey on horseback, and this year I made up my mind that I would do it. I have been cight weeks on the road. From my home to the Mississippi River the distance is 180 miles; it is 350 across the State of lowa, as I travelled, and 500 and more to Cheyenne. So I have come over 1,000 miles on horseback and alone."

"Have you a good horse?"

Indeed I have. They wanted me to give up my trip at Kearney. Why, some folks there grew real angry with me because I persisted in going ou. They wanted me to sell my mare and colt and take the money to pay my passage. But I do not need money, and I'll never part with that mare. She's a good animal, has speed as a trotter, and sale weighs as much to a pound as when I started with hier. To-day I have ridden twenty-eight miles, but that is more than I generally make. I travel mornings and evenings, and I stop a long time at noon. I started with a side saddle, but it made the mare's back sore, so I traded it off for a man's saddle. At night I picket the mare and lie close to the picket. She can't move but I know it. She got away twice though. Once I followed her afoot more than ten miles, and caught her in a herd of thirty horses."

"What bedding have you in camping out?"

"Not a great deal. I go back from the railroad at least two miles and avoid them. Once a tramp came upon me in a lonely place when I had the saddle blanket. I haven't suffered from the cold, but it gets awful lonely sometimes at night, when the coyotes are howing."

"How do you manage about eating?"

"There I have trouble. If I don't struke a station at meal time I get nothing to eat. Why, I've gone all da

"SWEET VIOLETS" IN SULLIVAN-ST.

A SONG THAT SWELLED INTO A GREAT HARMONY-

FIRE-CRACKERS DISSIPATE ITS ECHOES. Two young women entertained a number of young friends at their residence in Sullivan-st., near Prince-st., last evening. A violin and harp afforded music for the merrymakers, and as all the windows were thrown open to their fullest extent to court the cool air, the greater part of the block enjoyed the social gatherthe greater part of the block enjoyed the social gathering as well as the invited guests. It was rather warm; for dancing and singing with accompaniment by the instruments mentioned was the principal recreation.

About 11 o'clock the harp struck up "Sweet Vlolets," and assisted by the violin played that deservedly popular song very prettily. Two young men, with a young woman sandwiched between them, strolling along on the opposite side of the street, stopped to listen to the music. Soon one of the young men begun to hum the tune. The

on one of the young men begun to hum the tune. The other joined him, and when the young woman, unable to resist the infection, broke forth into the words of the song, her companions ceased humming and sang with her. From the open third story window of a neighboring house several young women immediately took up the air, and on a stoop a few doors down the street a number of young men spontaneously accou panied them. raising his instrument, assisted the while several planes in that and the adjoining block struck up "Sweet Violets" in sympathy. Strollers struck up "Sweet Violets" in sympathy. Strollers gathered from adjacent streets, and residents came to doors and windows, and all secuned infected with the music and each added his or her mite in some way. The song was played and sung over and over again, and in wonderful enphony: Its low, sweet, quaint notes floating through the lazy air of midnight with soothing melody. Every one seemed to play or sing. A boy came along with a snare drum and attempted to join in, but he was promptly suppressed, and he retired to a distant aliey, where he unburdened the drum and himself of dull thinds of sombre disgust. The air was laden with "Sweet Violets" in every direction. Those who could not sing and had no instrument to play, improvised mouth-organs, out of combs, and contributed their mite to the chorus. Those without combs whistled. A policeman beat time with his club upon an iron railing. Three blocks away a banjo quartette was heard. It looked as though "Sweet Violets" would travel south to the Battery and north to Harlem. Suddenly, as with a spontaneous unanimity, all the young men who could find young women to join them, encircled their waists, and, still singing to waitz time, "Sweet Violets," was wafted up and down the sidewalks for blocks around in the merry mazes.

How far these "Sweet Violets" would extend, or gathered from adjacent streets, and residents came to

up and down the sidewalks for blocks around in the merry mazes.

How far these "Sweet Violets" would extend, or where or when they would stop, was becoming an interesting question with sleepy people, when suddenly "Young America" appeared upon the seene and solved the problem. He came along in several sections, recompaned by fire-cross-crs, and intest on deviltry. It took but a noment for the slow waitz step to change to a much more animated skipping as the young women felt the insinuating crackers popping about their heels. Planos stopped. The whistlers shut their mouths to grin at the girls. The cornetist adjourned to a beer tunnel. Combs were rotired into brushes and vest pockets. "Good-night, sweet darling, good night!" was the parting salutation given by numer us young men as they strolled oft, to young women in windows whom they had never seen before and probably never would again. The crackers popped themselves out, and the boy with the snare drum came out of his sley and rattled off a psean of triumph over his oppressors.

AMERICANS AND FRENCHMEN.

From The Youth's Companion.

In Philadelphia, during the Centennial Exposition of 1876, a lady entered a street-car which happened to be filled with the attachés, clerks and owners of the French department of the Exhibition. Several of these men nighted cigars and puffed them in her face, and their conduct soou became so rude that she was forced to leave the car. Some of the principal French exhibitors and a commissioner were present, but made no attempt to interfere. Happening to meet one of them afterward, she expressed her amazement at the brutal conduct of the whole party.

"But madame," he exclaimed, "they did not understand that you were a lady; you had no escort!"
"I was a woman, and therefore entitled to every man's protection," was her indignant reply.
He sirugged his shoulders and was silent. Now, mark the difference.
At the same Exposition, near the Exposition building an invasue temporary hotel was exceed.

At the same Exposition, near the Exposition buildings, an immense temporary hotel was erected. Over eight thousand teachers, women from all parts of the Union, went to this hotel uprotected, vasted the Exposition alone, and returned home, as secure from insult as though they were princesses.

The first principle instilled into every American is respect for women. There was not a man who met these young girls who, seeing that they were modest and wall-behaved, would not have interfered to defend them from insult.

These two instances aptly illustrate a radical difference between the two nations.

SELECTED TALES.

From Life.

Foote, meeting Quin on the Strand one day, thus accessed him:

"Good morning!" cried Foote.

"How are you!" answered Quin, and passed on.
Foote Smiled at the wit, but never forgave the

Washington, who afterward became the Father of Lis Country, was one day dining at an old manor house on the Hudson with several heroes of the Revolution.

Lafayette, who was present, turned to Washington and said, pleasantly:

"General, try a potato?"

"Sir!" replied the Father of his Country, fixing a look on Lafayette which those present never forgot, "I never eat potatoes." There was not a dry eye at the table.

NOTES OF PLACES AND PEOPLE. THE CORN AND WHEAT CROPS-COUNCIL BLUFFS

NOTES OF PLACES AND PEOPLE.

THE CORN AND WHEAT CORDERO-COUNCIL NUTURE AT THE PROPERTY AND OMAHA—RECOLLECTIONS OF OLD TIMES—A TEMPISE.

PIDNO AN SOCASSOAL CORRESPONENT OF THE TRIPETY DEN'YER, COL., June 29.—I should think that the leas to the farmers of low, Missouri, Advantage were found to the lowest of colors, "It covered and farmers were to the force points in the same seat, as I boarded a weet-bound train at chinges, On what the load and another specified I do not knaw, but the damaging effect of the bottom of the lowest think the late is thought to the same seat, as I boarded a weet-bound train at chings, On what the load and not become the light. A full crop is headly expressed high, a full crop is headly expressed.

In low grein looked better. The corn has no better and the lower of the looked for. It the rains continue, or if the summer short, a short crop will be the result. Though the server and of the looked in the load is the load of the load of the loads of the loa

Omaha is busy with her streets, paving, filing and improving them. Nineteen years ago I assisted in picketing Omaha, an Indian incursion' being threatened. Twelve years ago (seven years after the Sloux went mad because they could not hunt buffalo in the city's suburban additions) Omaha boldly started forth as a rival to Chicago. Years have taught it seems, and the city has settled down to a quiet, undemonstrative prosperity, amply insured by a rich farming country, but davoid of "boom. Last week all gamblers and courtesans were informed that the streets were being paved—the rains had washed things generally—and that the city intended from henceforth forevermore to be strictly correct. The gamblers packed their traps and immediately started to see Henry Wattersou's nospitable village on the Ohio. A few of the other class, owning property, have appealed to the courts. But the Omaha of the "high-old-times" has departed forever. And with its reformation Satan's last stronghold upon the Missouri has surrendered. Kansas City, Leavenworth, St. Joe,

dependent roads; the Union Pacific and the Burlingt and Missouri River in Nebraska. The last is a peculiar constructed designation for a railroad. Its abbreviation is "B. and M. in Neb." The fare from Omaha to Denvis \$22 50. There is no second class, and no competition prices. In fact, at this writing, there is not a railrowar in progress in the country anywhere—a state affairs without a parallel for many years. The only a proach to an unpleasantness exists in the fact that why you purchase a ticket on either the U. P. or B. and hin Neb. at Omaha for Denver, you may as well get one! Pueblo, about 100 miles south of Celorado's capital. it will coat no more. This Pueblo colocasion is may to keep even with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa I route.

I went over the Union Pacific to Cheyenne, and thence to Denver. The Union Pacific's new short route is by way of Julesburg, or Denver Junction, as it is now called. It leaves the main line at Julesburg's old Platte crossing and strikes directly for Denver. Juleaburg was founded many years ago by Mr. Jules, who had a misun-erstanding with Mr. Slade, one of the division superintendents of the old Overland stage route. The misun-derstanding was adjusted by Mr. Slade causing Mr. Jules to be bound hand and for and conveniently dropped in the centre of a corral, where he leisurely shot him to death with a revolver between drings, to the great admiration of several retainers. Mr. Stade was hanged on his merits several years aterward in Montana. Indeed, nearly all the leading citizens of the Plains have passed away. "Jack" Morrows, "Dod" Cunningham, Offallon, Jules, Bernie, "Ed." Creighton—names well known in the days of Pony Express and Overland Stage

Offalion, Jules, Bernie, "Ed." Creighton—names well known in the days of Pony Express and Overland Stage—have all departed for the disputed country. "The Plains" have gone also—or, at least, all that constituted the Plains of oid. A continuous string of settlements now reaches from the Missouri River to the Golden Gate; and north and south, from the Rio Grande to the British line, the country is settling remarkably fast considering how much of it is uniaviting. I doubt if anywhere in the United States to-day a person can go one hundred miles in any direction without coming upon civilized man's habitation. Twelve short years ago a thousand miles of country could readily have been gone over without meeting a white man.

Travel is light this season. So is general freight business. An official at Council Bluffs told me that there were nearly 500 empty freight cars side-tracked in the Union Pacific will be able to lend some of them its empty freight cars. For some 250 miles west from the Missouri River the farming land is good. Beyond that distance it rapidly "plays out" and is fit only for cattle ranges—and they have to be very extensive to support anything like large bands of cattle. The Texas drives are now coming in, and I saw many herds picked up in Iowa, Missouri and the Missouri River country, and brought out into Western Nehruska, Wyoming and Colorado to pasture. These cattle are "stockers" and will remain on the ranges during the ensuing winter, and be sent to the Eastern markets next year.

A TRAIN IN A TEMPEST.

A TRAIN IN A TEMPEST.

As our train approached Cheyenne it ran into the rear of one of those singular storms that have this year frequently visited the always herstofore great, dry plains, to the wonder and prophetic disquietude of the ubiquitous oldest inhabitant. At 10:30 a.m. the sun was shining brightly. At 10:45 the sky became cloudy and a new drops of rain pattered on the car roof. At 10:50 we were in the clutch of the hurricane. A low meaning filed the place of sound for a moment, and then came the shrick of fricous elements, tearing the heavens assunder to make way for the black deluge of water. The cars trembled and rocked as though about to leave the rails. The make way for the black deluge of water. The cars trembled and rocked as though about to leave the rails. The sense of progress was entirely lost. The train seemed to stand still while the cataracts hurled themselves against it. It was impossible to see a hand's breach from the windows. The floods pried open every crack and cranny and dripped in sullen drops from sides and roof. Women sat mute and pale children cried, and men furtively sought courage from pocket flasks, and tried to look brave and indifferent. We were in the hurricane about ten minutes, and then it left us as suddenly as it came. But what a feluge! The broad, flat prairies looked like a great ocean, dotted with innumerable little islands, while mudc'y torronts took advantage of the slightest channel, and flowed in every direction. The engine stopped, started ahead, stopped again, and then backed and stood still. And there, right in the middle of the broad, level plains, sulies from any stream, was a wash-out. The fields of water had found a depression in the road-bed and drowned the track. The undermined rails were hastily bolstered up with some loose that, and we carefully ploked our way into Cheyenna. This storm went directly south through Colorado, turning to hall in tunny places, and doing much idamage to the grain.

fields. It did not damage the fruit trees. Colors plains have no fruit trees. Nor any other kind of trees FROM CHICAGO TO DENVER.

STORMY TOPICS IN "ST. JOE."

THE RECENT MISSOURI FLOODS-MORMON

SOUTHERN COTTON MILLS.

THEIR ADVANTAGES WINNING SUCCESS. STEADY GROWTH OF THE INDUSTRY-FAVORING CIRCUMSTANCES-MORE CAPITAL NEEDED.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
WILMINGTON, N. C., July 1.—With the excep-WILMINGTON, N. C., July 1.—With the exception of truck farming, there is no industry contributing more hopefulness to the South than cotton manufacturing. The two may be said to be growing with equal rapidity, for while the belt from which New-York and the West draw their early vegetable supplies is continually widening and lengthening, until at last Mississippi land produces \$1,000 per scre in early tomatoes and as much in strawberries, the cotton wanufacturing boom is approaching nearly as widely. The Southern railregates Sioux City, Yankton—all great Revolver towns in their "jumping—off-point" days—are staid, respectable, commercial centres no w, and the rustler, the bullwhacker and the bad man have no place to lay their heads on the banks of the Big Muddy.

Omaha is directly connected with Denver by two independent roads; the Union Pacific and the Burlington and Missouri River in Nebraska. The last is a peculiarly was able to place the produce of his farm along it line in the New-York market at the same rate that his line in the New-York market at the same rate that his brother paid, although the latter raised his potatoes and cabbages, radishes and peas in New-Jersoy, scarcely out of sight of the metropolis. In cotton manufacturing, however, the South does not have to depend upon special rates from railroads, as the Northern manufacturers already do. Its advantage lies in its being able to take the product almost from the field, so nearly so, indeed, that it needs scarcely any transportation until it has reached the condensed form of the manufactured article, to the value of which freight charges bear an infinitesimally smaller proportion than to that of the bulky bales of the raw cotton.

It is no exaggeration to say that the South is full of

article, to the value of which freight charges bear an infinitesimally smaller proportion than to that of the bulky bales of the raw cotton.

It is no exaggeration to say that the South is full of the cotton manufacturing question. It has risen to such importance that even a Southern politician will stop talking politics for a few moments to speak of the South's growing prospects in this line.

The advantages of the South in this industry are apparent at a glance to any one that visits a Southern cotton factory. These are the best-built edifices in the South. Even in North Carolina, where the brick in general use is extremely unsightly looking as though made of coal dust, these factories present a clean, near appearance, as if they were built of good Hudson River brick; and before the roofs are on a wide circle of tenement houses forms around each one. The latest one built is at Wilson, N. C., and before its engine has made a single turn enough new houses have been scretch to give the place the appearance of a thriving Western town. The industry is taking such a hold upon the Southern capitalist, or attracting so many capitalists from the North, as to promise to revolutionize the ruinous system of farming that has prevailed for so many years, and the Southern farmer may after a little he able to work his farm on a cash basis, instead of having his crop mortgaged before it is planted.

The factory in this city is not a large one, employing only about 125 hands, but it turns out 6,000 yards per day. One of the principal advantages here is that labor is cheap, the operatives getting about 75 cents or less per day. These operatives are not imported from the North, and the beautiful to the same and to the Northern mills to learn the business, which they have done perfectly. How much it costs a Northern manufacturer for coal to run his engines I am unable to say, but here it costs almost nothing, as the fuel in inputed from the navel provention of the provention of the compress owners at the expense of the Northern a

the buyer has only to care it back, and the increhant gives tim another bale of good quality and equal to sample.

It is not surprising, then, to learn that one of the Georgia factories has just declared a dividend of 25 per cent. When to the saving in fuel, labor, each of the material and freight on the raw outton is added freight saved on the manufactured article, it is only surprising that the dividends are not higher; and the only reason they are not must lie in the fact that the Southern manufacturer has not had the course of his convictions sufficiently developed to lead him to make his plant equal to that of his Northern competitor. When he builds his mill larger, so that the fixed charges may be apread over a larger surface of product, he will be obliged to declare a dividend every ments.

But the chief advantage of the bouthern menufacturer lies in a fact not yot made manifest, but which will oreep to the surface after a few more years of testing of quality. Whether the product of Southern factories is equal to that of Northern in fluences and general excellence I am unable to say, but in its wearing qualities it will be found superior. No man that wears a shirt is funorant of the fact that however long or short fashion may have decreed it to be, the thic of the shirt of forty or even of twenty years are. And it will be found that the decadence of the quality of scalin dates from the rise of the compress, whose penderous hand squeezes a cotton bale into one-third its natural tise.

The only limit to Southern cotton manufacturing itself in the lack of sapital. The South has not sufficient our tall, but no expression is more commen a Southern business closies, and even among Houthern in Southern business closies, and even among Houthern business closies.

trai, but no expression is more common a so business circles, and even among requirem poli-than that the Northern capitalist is not only we but is eagerly desired. And nothing is more of then that Northern capital is coming not only we will do the most good, but where it will multiple most appealing and supply